

the NATIVE VOICE

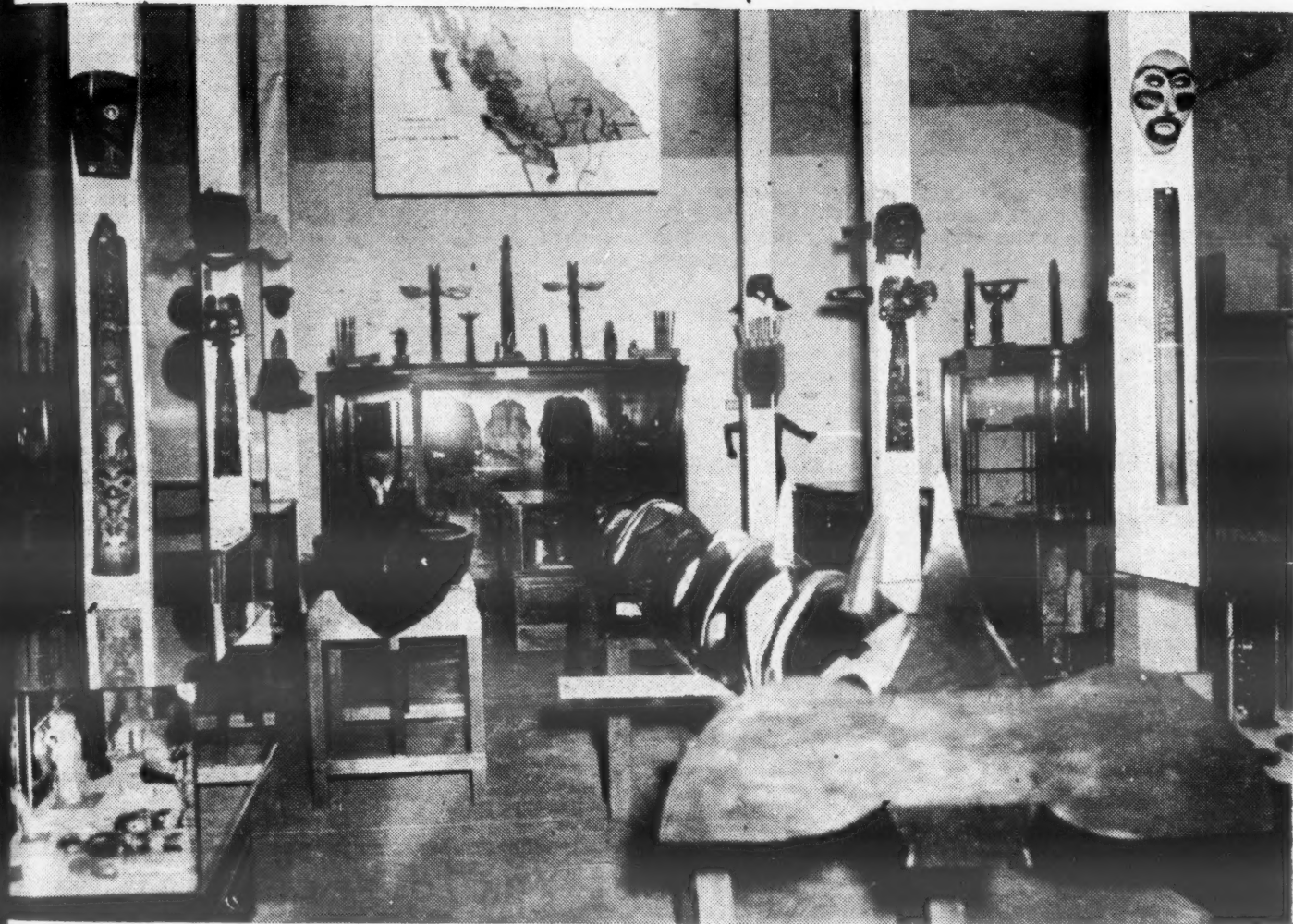
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

Vol. III. No. 1

VANCOUVER, B.C., JANUARY, 1949

PRICE 10 CENTS

Indian Treasures Almost Lost To B. C.



—Courtesy Van. Daily Province.

FOREIGNERS COLLECTED ART RELICS WHILE PROVINCE DISPLAYED APATHY

By MILDRED VALLEY THORNTON

ONE of Vancouver's unique attractions is the Edward and Mary Lipsett Indian Museum at Hastings Park. Because this remarkable exhibition was opened during the war, also because it is located off the beaten trail, many citizens are unaware that Vancouver has the only strictly Indian Museum in Canada, and one of the finest collections of its kind in the world. It is valued at \$40,000.

Two large colorful totem poles stand on guard at the entrance, inviting passersby to investigate within. Here the art of Indians from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Eskimos in the north to the peoples in the south may be seen and studied.

In the past, students of ethnology and anthropology from all parts of the world have come to study the life and culture of the Coast tribes. Now too late Canadians themselves are beginning to realize the extent and value of the material lying on their doorsteps.

Because of the wise foresight and generosity of the Lipsetts, representative examples of this art have been made available to our own people for all time, and will prove a great attraction in the years ahead to countless visitors who will come looking for just such records of the early history of this part of the world.

Old traders realized that this was wealth of a kind and carried it back home with them, which led to pilgrimage of collectors from many lands. Germany systematically assembled perhaps the finest collection of West Coast art in existence for the museum in Berlin. Five years before the war it was known to have been

removed from public view and is, no doubt, safely underground some place to this day.

Up the coast in the misty Queen Charlotte Islands dwelt the proud and haughty Haidas, aristocrats of the coast tribes; also the terror of more peaceful and less predatory peoples. Their religion, and their complicated social system gave rise to many symbols and ideas which they perpetuated in their mighty totems, and in the smaller argillite carvings which have aroused the wonder of the world.

They also became accomplished metal workers and many of their beautiful silver bracelets may be seen in the Lipsett collection.

Then there were the Tsimshians, the fierce Kwakiutls, and the Salishans, each with their own designs and distinctive forms of art according to the pattern of their thinking.

Very interesting is a Kwakiutl burial box, painted in bold designs. It must have been a troublesome business trying to persuade a corpse to fold up into this small space, but there are no records that any of them ever voiced a protest. These boxes were usually placed on a mortuary pole, or merely put in a tree where they were left to the tender mercies of Mother Nature.

There is a wonderful display of Tlingit basketry in beautiful patterns which have been colored with natural dyes. Thompson River folk made very large and strong baskets with bold geometric designs, all of which had a meaning in the old days, but most of it is lost to present generations of Indians.

How many people know that a very fine quality of jade is found

(Continued on Page 16)

Interesting Christmas Concert



The Christmas concert on January 10th by the Tekakwitha Indian Girls' Club of Duncan and the Indian C.Y.O. Guadalupe Chapter of Saanich was a nice surprise to many and a success generally.

There were no announcements but the concert went along smoothly from one presentation to the next according to the program. The children ranging from ages 8 to 17 were natural school children, clean and likeable. Some of the girls were quite glamorous and when called for in the part, one or two could be described as saucy.

The Guadalupe and Tekakwitha Choirs gave selections of many carols and other pieces ranging from Gloria in Excelsis to lighter music.

The recitations by some of the smaller children was quite an undertaking. One little boy rhymed his off in a matter-of-fact manner with hardly a blink of his eye nor a halt in his rhyme as the photographer played a strong light on him to take his picture.

During the Tableau of Nativity by the Saanich Indian school children, the choir formed on one side with the Mother and Child scene against a softened background of fir branches extending over the cradle held the centre of interest; and the three fabulous kings made their entrance from the other side. The nonchalance of the fat little shepherd in the foreground with one pant leg rolled higher than the other evoked the thought that should there be a sudden vision

HIGHLIGHTS OF WORLD BILL OF RIGHTS

Highlights of the 30-article Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the United Nations General Assembly:

The preamble says "the recognition of the inherent dignity of the equal and inalienable rights of the human family is the foundation of justice and peace in the world."

Article 2 says everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, birth or national or social origin.

The right to hold property is guaranteed.

"Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion." Freedom of opinion and expression and freedom of assembly are included.

as with the original shepherds, this one would take it all in his stride.

The well acted and hilarious pantomime "That Man" was one of the highlights of the evening.

Mrs. A. J. Tullis, President of B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society addressed a charming vote of thanks to Father X. Lauzon, S.M.M. Director of the concert, and to the children. Mrs. Tullis obtained a special message from Dr. Alice Ravenhill, founder of the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society which reads, "Use your God-given gifts, your powers of observation and persistence to finish jobs undertaken . . . there is a new future for all Indians in Canada."

A forceful and encouraging message was given by His Excellency, Bishop Hill.

Invitations had been mailed out to many people interested in Indian Affairs, and among the people who were able to attend were Bishop A. M. Hill, Inspector Davey of the Department of Indian Affairs,

"This Co-operation"

PART II

As we explained last month, the modern co-operative movement started with the action of 28 people—27 men and one woman—who opened a grocery store in Toad Lane, Rochdale, England in 1844, with a capital of \$140.

The next year they had 74 members and \$500 capital; they did \$3500 in business and made \$160 in profit. By 1861, membership was 1850, capital \$75,000, and business \$4,000,000. The idea was spreading.

They started with a grocery store; soon they needed goods in bulk. In 1850 they bought a flour mill; in 1852, they started a shoe factory, and in 1855, a factory for cotton and wool weaving.

By 1863 there were 426 similar co-operative societies in England; they drew together into a "co-operative wholesale society," which bought goods to supply to their stores. By 1879 they found the demand so great that they started more factories—a jam factory, a soap factory, a bigger shoe factory.

And today the Co-operative Wholesale Society is the biggest distributing business in England. It has the largest flour mills in the British Empire, and the largest cloth mills. It owns 30,000 acres of farm lands in England, which supply its stores; 33,000 acres of tea plantations in India and Ceylon; palm and olive plantations in Africa; a coal mine, and a fishing fleet. It belongs to 1071 local co-operative societies with a membership of nine million families. In 1944 the total volume of retail trade was over 1320 million dollars. Its enormous profits are divided and paid back to their millions of members; these payments are called "dividends."

And it all grew from the seed of the little Rochdale store, and its twenty-seven men and one woman—with an idea.

Let us look at our own Canada. Around 1900 our prairies grew the best grain in the world; but the elevator and milling companies set

the prices! In 1902 the first co-operative was organized by the prairie farmers, to sell their wheat. In 1905 they opened the first central co-operative office, Winnipeg. They had plenty of fight, but they won. Ask any who has travelled in the prairie, Ask how many elevators you see from the train, with the name in big white letters, "Grain-growers' Association." Almost every little station has one.

Yes, it is all big business; big, it seems, for little people understand. But the principles behind it can be understood by one. Unity, combining effort, honesty, sound business methods, and just brotherhood in action.

But did these big co-operatives really succeed? In the business sense, yes; they brought money to their members, and helped them. People joined because they could make money that way. Their interest in the co-operatives, however, look at it, was SELFISH.

The big co-operatives did reach down into the homes of the members and warm them, as brotherhood in action must always. That came later. And it, too, a Canadian story. The story of co-operatives of Nova Scotia.

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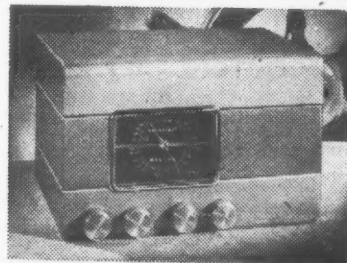
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East York Kiwanis Club Sponsors Resolution To Aid Indians of Canada

By BIG WHITE OWL

During a recent friendly chat with Brigadier O. M. Martin, Magistrate of York County, himself a staunch Kiwanian, a genuine Canadian, a real gentleman, a distinguished warrior, a man of letters, a proud Mohawk Indian—and the motivating force behind this whole story. Here is what he said to me:

The following is the resolution which was passed at the annual convention of the Ontario, Quebec, Maritime District of the Kiwanis International held in the city of Montreal, P.Q., in the month of September, 1948. And I wish you would emphasize that we are greatly indebted to the immediate past Governor, Mr. Walter Stewart of Toronto for the determined and he took on the floor of the convention in support of the following resolution." (Brigadier Martin was the one selected to formulate this resolution for the East York Kiwanis Club).

KIWANIS RESOLUTIONS RE: THE INDIANS OF CANADA

Whereas the objects of the Kiwanis International are:

To give primacy to the human and spiritual rather than the material values of life.

To encourage the daily living of the Golden Rule in all human relationships.

To promote the adoption and the application of higher social,

business and professional standards.

4. To develop by precept and example, a more intelligent, aggressive and serviceable citizenship.

5. To provide, through Kiwanis clubs, a practical means to form enduring friendships, to render altruistic service, and to build better communities.

6. To co-operate in maintaining that sound public opinion and high idealism, which make possible the increase of righteousness, justice, patriotism and good will.

—And whereas, the Indians of Canada, by their contribution to Canada's growth in the early voyages of exploration, in the fur trade, in the fishing industry; by the part they willingly took on behalf of Great Britain in the American Revolutionary War; by their voluntary services in the Armed Forces of Canada in World War 1, and World War 2, and by their present day activities in the indus-

trial, farming, and professional life of Canada have proven themselves



Through Mr. Walter Stewart we can write the story. Mr. Stewart fired enthusiasm for the Resolutions, and the Kiwanians' response was ready and their support staunch.

to be worthy of full rights of citizenship.

—And whereas the Indians of Canada pay taxes.

—And whereas they are denied certain rights and privileges enjoyed by Canadian citizens in contravention of the principles of democracy.

—Be it therefore resolved, that the Ontario, Quebec and Maritime District of Kiwanis International be requested to respectfully submit to the Government of Canada by the following recommendations:

1. That all Indians of the age of twenty-one years and over, resident in Canada, be granted the right to vote in Dominion elections without the loss of any of their tribal privileges.
2. That the old age pension be granted to Indians in Canada on the same basis and at the same rates as that granted to other Canadians.
3. That adequate educational facilities be provided for primary and secondary school education and that provision be made for assistance in Technical and University training for Indian Students.
4. That legislation be passed to make it possible for Indians to have the opportunity to borrow money for the building of suitable homes.
5. That adequate medical services be provided for Indians in remote settlements.

Respectfully submitted by the Kiwanis Club of East York.

Brigadier Martin continued this extremely pleasant chat by saying: "We are also deeply indebted to Mr. Jim Foulds of the Sault Ste. Marie Kiwanis club for it was he who seconded the motion made by Walter Stewart. We—Indians—owe to these good men of the Kiwanis our sincere thanks for the valued assistance given by the Ontario, Quebec, Maritime District in supporting the efforts that we are making to win recognition as worthy Canadians . . . May God bless them for their kindness and their help."

Mr. Martin explained further: "The Kiwanis is an International organization of some 2600 clubs,

Judge Raps Trials By Indian Agents

Trial of Indians by Indian Agents, when ordinary courts are available, is not in the best interest of the administration of Indian affairs, adding "that our laws must not only be just, but obviously just, and that it was too much to ask of human nature first to hear the evidence, than divert oneself of pre-conceived opinions and sit as an impartial Judge".

This is the opinion of Judge R. A. Sargent given in County Court.

It is based, he said, on his 20 years experience as a magistrate in North Vancouver, where there are four Indian reserves.

His Honor asked G. M. Murray, Crown Counsel, on the appeal of an Indian, to convey his opinion to the proper authorities.

The Indian appealed from a two-month sentence he received from H. E. Taylor, Indian Agent, when he pleaded guilty at Sechelt to being in possession of liquor in an Indian reserve on November 8.

Judge Sargent reduced the Indian's sentence to the 38 days he has been in custody.

T. F. Hurley appeared for the Indian.

Judge Sargent stated that his remarks in no way reflected on the work of Indian Agents.

situated in Canada, United States, Alaska, Hawaii, with a membership of approximately 200,000 of the leading men of the communities where they function. The chief object of Kiwanis speaking in a broad sense, is to be of service to their fellow man. In assisting the Indians as they have done, by giving us their support, they are sincerely putting into practice the Golden Rule which is so often overlooked and neglected by a great majority of the people of today."

Thus ended our pow-wow and we doused our council fire—and as I conclude this article let us hope the resolutions, adopted and sent to Ottawa by the Kiwanis International, will have a far-reaching effect and serve as a guiding-light for those who shall revise and revitalize the old Indian Act . . . We of THE NATIVE VOICE are indeed deeply grateful for the splendid effort made by the Kiwanis International.

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By NA-NEE

(Haida for Grandmother)

The Creation Myth of the Lenni Lenape

By BIG WHITE OWL

According to the wise ones, the keepers of the painted records, it is claimed, in one of their most highly cherished traditions, that eons ago, in the very beginning, Kitche Manitou (Great Spirit) formed the world from the various substances taken and collected from the infinite space around Him. And after a little while, when He saw the work was good, He placed many creatures upon it. Among those creatures was the Great Toad who was ordained by the Creator to rule over the waters of the Earth. He was given the authority and the power to cause rain to fall at his will and command, and he was known forever after as "Tsch-quall," the water keeper.

And in the course of time, it came to pass, an evil monster appeared, he came to molest and to quarrel with the Great Toad. This evil monster had the form of a horned serpent. He fought with the Great Toad because he wanted to be the one to rule over the waters of the Earth. One day they fought such a terrific battle it caused a great disturbance over the whole Earth. The Great Toad tried hard to swallow the Evil Snake to finish the battle, but the Monster-Snake gored and tore the Great Toad so savagely and so severely that he died of his terrible wounds. After the Great Toad lay prostrate and devoid of life, the four winds and the seas of the earth, arose in unison to lash in everlasting fury at the Evil Serpent's victory. When Kitche Manitou, "the creator of all things," saw the struggle, the turmoil, the disturbance, the steadily growing unrest, He caused the rain to fall, the waters to rise, and gush forth from everywhere—to wash away the corruption from the Earth.

It is said, at this period, there was but one-gifted-spirit-being who lived on the Earth. We are told that his name was NANABOUSHA, the Strong White One, the Grandfather of Beings, the Grandfather of Men. And we are also told that when he saw the water rapidly rising, he sought refuge in the loftiest mountain, hoping that there he would be safe enough. But the rain fell and fell, and the water continued to rise, until at last there was left only a tiny plot of ground on top of the mountain. And upon this same mountain there was growing a small cedar tree.

The water came down in great torrents, and it was now quite plain that all the land would soon be entirely inundated. So the Great Nanabousha picked up some of the animals and the birds that

had gathered on the mountain top and tucked them carefully and safely in the bosom of his girded robe. Then he went over to the small cedar tree and spoke to it before he started to climb, and as he climbed he broke off branches and placed them under his belt. Soon he reached the top of the tree, but the waters continued to rise and rise—now almost to his feet. So the great hero, Nanabousha, began to sing his song of the cosmos, and beat time on his bow string which served as a drum. And as he sang the little tree began to grow, and it kept on growing as long as the waters continued to rise. After a time, the great hero, Nanabousha, the Strong White One, the Grandfather of Beings, the Grandfather of Men, grew tired of singing to the outer spheres, so he threw upon the angry waters the branches which he had plucked as he climbed, and at once they took the form of a strong raft. On this raft he placed all the creatures he had saved, and he floated about on the angry waters with them on the cedar raft. Soon he saw all the mountain peaks disappear under the ever rising water. And only Nanabousha, and the creatures he saved, remained alive . . . All of the other Earth Creatures were lost in the great deluge.

In due time, Nanabousha, the Brave One, decided that a New Earth should be made—a task he could well perform through the wonderful powers he had. So he called the little creatures together and enlisted their services to help him to form a new island. Their first duty would be to get a little material from the submerged earth. And the first one to go on this mission was the "Mita-wie-lai-oon," the loon, who dived and stayed down a very long time. When he came floating to the surface he was dead. The Great Nanabousha breathed upon the unfortunate loon and its life was immediately restored. Now "Kw-naa-amihk," the otter, dived down but he failed in the attempt and came to the surface dead, and was restored to life by Nanabousha. Then "Katah-amihk," the beaver, tried but he also failed and had to be revived. Then Nanabousha, the Great One, turned to the little "Kw-usk-waes," the muskrat, and told

him to go down and try to reach the old earth. He stayed down just twice as long as any of the rest of them, and he came up to the surface he was not actually dead, but very near to it. But in his paws, and in his mouth, he carried some of the precious mud from the devastated world below. The Great Nanabousha revived the Muskrat and blessed him, promising that his kind should never die out.

Now Nanabousha, the Mighty One, made a great ceremony, a thanksgiving ceremony, the first thanksgiving ceremony ever to take place. And it came to pass that He, Nanabousha, called for someone to receive and carry the New Earth. The Tortoise, "To-qwa-ock," responded and was at once chosen to perform this important task mainly because of his great dignity and wisdom. So Nanabousha placed the mud upon the tortoise's back and blew His life-giving-breath into it. Immediately it began to grow and increase in size until it became the "great island" where all of us are living today.

And it is claimed, by the wise ones, after a period of time had passed, Nanabousha, the Wise One, sent "Pa-toqk-siet," the wolf, to see how large the New Earth had grown. The first time the Wolf went on this tour of inspection, he was gone for one sun or one day. The second tour took five suns, and the next time he was gone for ten suns, the next time he was gone for one moon or one month, then for one great sun or one year, then five great suns, then twelve . . . At last he never returned but became lost somewhere in the great wide New Earth—that is why today, at every full moon, the lonely and much despised "Pa-toqk-siet" sits before his altar in the deep forest, and there bewails the great misfortune of his forebearers.

Now when "Pa-toqk-siet" failed to return, Nanabousha, the Strong White One, the Grandfather of Beings, the Grandfather of Men, decided that the New Earth was large enough to never again be flooded over by water, so He commanded that it should stop growing.

And the New Earth was now dry, and good, and clean—and there grew a new and beautiful tree in the middle of the Earth.

And the root of this new tree sent forth a sprout beside it. Due time there grew upon it the form of a man, who was the first of his kind. Now this man was there alone, and no doubt would have remained forever alone had not the shimmering tree been over its top to kiss the earth. He held, where the tree had touched the earth, there shot therefrom another sprout, and there grew upon it a form of a woman, as it is said, by the wise ones, that from these two, one of each kind, all Lenni Lenape were produced.

Now I suppose you are wondering what happened to the great hero, Nanabousha, the Mighty One? Well, it is claimed, by the story tellers, He was directed to a dream to retire into the wilderness of the great Northland, where He was to make His home forever. When He arrived there He found the peace and quiet contentment that He desired so much. Straightway He built Himself a great wigwam made of ice and snow and moved into it.

We are told by the story tellers every winter He sleeps like "Tsch-quall," the bear, but before going to His bed of cedar boughs He always smokes His white stone pipe. So, dear friends, the next time you see the pale blue smoke in the air and the pretty colored leaves of the autumn trees, you will understand and know that Nanabousha, Our Grandfather, is smoking His big white stone pipe and getting ready for His long winter sleep. I Have Spoken!

CKNW . . . NOW

1320

ON YOUR DIAL

Be not anxious about anything; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. — Saint Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, Verses 6 and 7.

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PIPE OF PEACE held by Chief Big White Owl of the Delaware tribe, who wears feathered headdress and beaded costume, is examined by Maddelena Romano, representing Mexico.

Canada and Mexico Get Together

By BIG WHITE OWL

On Wednesday evening, December 15th, 1948, something like 37 nationalities got together at the Woodgreen Community Centre in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to sing songs and to take part in a very colorful Christmas Pageant. Rev. McCleary, M.B.E., opened the festive and folk festival with a prayer and a few well chosen words of

welcome. Rev. McCleary is the father of this great humanitarian project known as Woodgreen Community Centre, where the precepts of the Christian religion are really practised and put into good effect.

National legends and carols formed a major part of the pageant. One of the more colorful of these was the Mexican ceremony

of the "Pasada," the Mexican Christmas celebration held in the home. All the girls taking part in this ceremony wore authentic national costumes.

The pageant was held under the auspices of the Toronto Council of Friendship, one of the many social organizations connected with the Centre. The festival portrayed the rise of a new nation from the earliest inhabitant to the last immigrant. It showed CANADA changing from a virgin forest land, a land of voyageurs and fur traders, to become one of the most highly respected and beloved and forward countries of the world.

Many of the entertainers could still vividly recall the horrors and the utter chaos of the last World War. Many of them mourn relatives and friends. Many of them cannot believe, even now, that they are in a free land, a good land, a land of sky blue waters—CANADA!

Yes, while the United Nations veto this and veto that, while they squabble and disagree, while the whole wide world waits for a lasting Peace on Earth, and Good Will to All Men—Canada and Mexico get together and agree that the Indian Pipe of Peace is the greatest symbol and instrument of peace the world has ever known!

I Have Spoken.

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Explanation

Dear Native Brothers and Sisters:

As publisher of The Native Voice, I feel that there should be some explanation to our readers with regard to my arrest by the Vancouver police in the now famous padlock case.

I am secretary and legal clerk to Mr. T. F. Hurley, barrister and solicitor. In the course of our duty connected with his practice, Mr. Hurley and myself were arrested and detained for several hours before being released on bail. After being tried by His Honor W. B. McInnis, Esq., magistrate, and acquitted, his honor said "arrest of Mrs. Moore was ridiculous."

This padlock case was a test case which has been given nation-wide publicity, hence my explanation. I am now suing the Vancouver police for wrongful arrest.

It is to my Indian friends that I am giving this explanation because their friendship and trust in me for many years means more to me than any mere words could express. I am not guilty.

MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE,
Publisher.

P.S.—Any money received for damages will be donated to a school to educate Vancouver police to discriminate between an elderly grandmother of eleven grandchildren and other criminals.

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Cairn Erected To Memory of Ernest Batiste George

On Monday, December 13th, a very interesting ceremony took place on the Inkameep Reserve when a large gathering attended the unveiling of a memorial in the form of a massive stone cairn to the memory of Ernest Batiste George (son of Chief Narcisse George of Inkameep) who, as a volunteer, was killed in action in Italy on December 13, 1944.

Following a short service in the little Inkameep Church, with Father Collins officiating, the procession moved slowly towards the cairn, while many Indians from Inkameep and other reserves chanted a plaintive refrain.

Among the number of white people who attended the ceremony were 22 Legionnaires representing Branches of the Canadian Legion from Oliver, Osoyoos, Penticton and Okanagan Falls. After the unveiling of the cairn and its dedication by Father Collins, the memorial service was taken over by the Canadian Legion who had gone out with their Standard Bearer and Bugler. Following the Legion ceremony and the placing of a wreath by the President of the Oliver Branch of the Canadian Legion, Mr. Andy Paull (of Vancouver), spoke on behalf of Chief Narcisse George and his family, thanking Members of the Legion for their participation and the many white visitors who attended the dedication service in spite of wintry weather and treacherous road conditions. Mr. Paull pointed out that more native Canadians had volunteered for service than any other nationality taken per capita of population. These men had lived and fought together with their white comrades-in-arms. They had endured hardships together and died together to defend the rights of men and in the cause of liberty. There is no reason why this spirit of good fellowship should not continue.

Mr. Frank Assu, President of the North American Indian Brotherhood as also of the Confederacy of the Interior Tribes of British Columbia, spoke on behalf of both

organizations. He said he considered it an honor to be present at the dedication of a memorial to the memory of a native Canadian who had done his duty and given his life in action, and to see his white comrades-in-arms take an active participation in the ceremony. Mr. Frank Assu told those present that every Indian community across Canada should learn of the dedication ceremony of the Inkameep Indian War Memorial. In a few well chosen words Mr. J. Mitchell replied on behalf of the Canadian Legion. Before the gathering dispersed, Chief Narcisse George addressed his people in their native tongue.

As far as is known this is the first time that a War Memorial to honor an Indian has been erected on a Reserve in Canada, in spite of the fact that over 6000 native Canadians volunteered for service. The ceremony will be long remembered by those who took part. The little white church which stands on a hill overlooking part of the native village affords a splendid view of the surrounding mountains, the grandeur of which it is difficult to describe. If anything was needed to add to the solemnity of the occasion, it was the softly falling snow and the procession wending its way to the churchyard with the Indians chanting their lament. At the churchyard a flagpole had been erected close to the cairn, from which a Union Jack waved proudly, a further symbol of that comradeship which endured in the fight for freedom—even unto death and which could continue to grow.

"SUNNY" ARRIVES HOME

A charming young lady, Martha Soonias of Red Pheasant, Sask., arrived in Vancouver Jan. 15 from New Zealand where she took a special two-year course in obstetrics and midwifery. Such a course can be taken only in England, Jamaica and New Zealand.

Before attending the Nursing School in Wellington, N.Z., Miss Soonias went to the Residential School in Onion Lake, Sask. After completing high school, she spent one year in Toronto, studying well-baby nursing at the Mother Craft School there.

Martha gets her nickname "Sunny" from her happy disposition, and needless to say her family is very proud of her.

Mrs. E. M. Hendic, formerly Doreen Gladstone, who studied the same course, arrived in Canada about two months ago and is now in Cardston, Alta., visiting her people for a short time. Mr. Hendic is from New Zealand.

"CLARENDON" MARINE RECEIVER

A radio receiver designed for the fishing industry has been produced by Research Industries Limited of Vancouver. This semi-commercial type receiver is designed to give performance similar to that of a commercial receiver, and yet be priced within the range of the small buyer. Not intended to replace the ship-to-shore radio-telephone, the set is an ideal aid where it is desirable to listen to the broadcasts on the marine band without the expense of a complete commercial installation. All fishing channels are clearly marked and the tuning is kept simple to avoid confusion.

Fishermen's families will appreciate the battery operated set which will allow them to hear whether their men-folk are making port on schedule or are having trouble. When not used for kibitzing on the marine band, the Clarendon marine becomes a quality broadcast receiver. The clarity of tone and the full output from the heavy duty loudspeaker and push-pull output tubes will provide the home with the finest quality of performance. The isolated locations along the Canadian coasts will find that reception of broadcast stations is now possible where it was impossible before.

The smart-looking cabinet will be the pride of any house, and yet the construction is solid and damage proof to give long service on shipboard.

The new miniature type tubes are used to permit low battery drain, and also to allow the standard battery pack to be kept inside of the case.

Bad Diet May Be Cause of "Inertia"

TORONTO.—R. A. Hoey of tawa, former director of Indian affairs for the Mines and sources department said recently that the Canadian Indian's called "inert inertia" is due largely to his unbalanced diet.

H. B. Hawthorn of the University of British Columbia, John Honigman and A. J. Kerr of University of Toronto, who conducted field surveys among Indian and Ontario Indian groups, reported Mr. Hoey's call for a detailed investigation of the Indian dietary habits.

The consensus of their reported Indians eat enough food but they do not eat the right kind. All three found the nutritional standards of the Indian's diet deficient.

The former Indian director lauded work of the joint Senate House of Commons committee on Indian affairs which has been preparing recommendations for amendment to the Canadian Indian Act, unchanged since 1876.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENTS

Among recommendations: Granting the vote to all Indians.

Establishing a permanent standing House committee on Indian affairs.

Giving Indians the right to chase liquor in licensed premises and drink it in any legal place off their reservations. (Indian Canada now may not legally consume liquor anywhere.)

Arranging for women on reservations to have a say in local government of the reservation.—Van. Daily Province.

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Legend of Hinemoa and Tutanekai

Part II

This story, one of the most popular in Maori folk lore, has been specially prepared in serial form by JOHN SINCLAIR.

The slave's legs trembled, but he held out the calabash at arm's length. A hand came out of the shadows, and again the calabash was dashed against the rocks and broke.

This time the man did not wait for protest. He ran up the winding path as swiftly as his legs could carry him.

The second calabash has been broken by the man at the pool," he gasped.

TUTANEKAI hardly heard him. "Take another calabash," he said.

For a little while the slave stood before him empty-handed once more. At last Tutanekai felt the anger rising in him swiftly. He forgot his longing for Hinemoa. This was this who dared to smash the calabash of Tutanekai of Moa Island. With one swift movement he sprang to his feet, caught his spear and ran down to the pool.

Hinemoa heard him coming and knew it was her lover. The slave's footsteps had been heavy and slow; Tutanekai was running lightly and swiftly. She crouched still further under the rocks and held her breath as the footsteps stopped on the brink of the pool. The moon was rising and she saw his shadow flitting across the water. Under the rocks the darkness lay heavily.

"Where are you, breaker of pots," called Tutanekai. "Come out so that I can see you. Show yourself like a man instead of hiding like a kauri, a crayfish in the water." There was no reply. Peering through her hair, Hinemoa saw the shadow moving across the water, coming closer and closer. A hand reached down and touched her hair. "Ah," cried Tutanekai, "I have found you. Come out, youascal." His grip tightened. "Let me see your face."

Hinemoa stood up. Climbing

slowly up to the bank, she faced her lover, beautiful and shy like the silver heron which is seen but once in a hundred years. The harshness fled from Tutanekai's face like summer clouds before the sun.

"Hinemoa"

The smoke from the cooking fires rose straight up in the morning air as the people ate their breakfast.

"Where is Tutanekai?" someone asked.

There was no reply until his slave stepped forward. "I have not seen him since he went down to the stranger at the pool in night," he said.

"What stranger?" they asked.

HE TOLD THEM of the breaking of the calabashes, and how Tutanekai went down himself to meet the stranger.

"This is strange to my ears," one of the old men said "Perhaps something has happened to Tutanekai? He is a bold fighter, but in the night even the bravest may be worsted when the shadows conceal the thrust of a hidden weapon. Hurry to his whare and see that all is well with him."

Their eyes followed the slave as he hastened to the home of Tutanekai. In the stillness the sound of the sliding door came like a thunder-clap.

He peered in to the gloom and then went back to the people waiting on the marae. "There are four feet there," he cried. "I looked for Tutanekai and I saw four feet instead of two."

A murmur of voices came from the men and women. "Who is with him?" the old man called, raising his voice so that he could be heard.

The slave did not answer but ran back to look. He returned joy-

ously and shouted with excitement, "It is Hinemoa."

His cry was taken up by the people. "Hinemoa is here with Tutanekai?"

Now Tutanekai's brothers were jealous for they had each thought Hinemoa would choose them for her husband. "It cannot be Hinemoa," they shouted angrily. "There is no canoe on the beach, so she could not have come during the night. The slave is lying."

Then Tutanekai came out of his whare, leading Hinemoa by the hand. She held herself proudly, wearing a feather cloak of her husband's, and walking by his side. Everyone was struck silent at the pride of Tutanekai and the beauty and grace of Hinemoa; then a great cry of welcome went up, drowning too the brothers' angry exclamations. "It is indeed Hinemoa. Welcome to Hinemoa."

AND THAT is the simple love story of a lovely maiden and her swim across the lake to the arms of her lover. Before the missionaries gave the Maoris a written language, all legends and folk lore came down through the generations by word of mouth. In possibly a hundred years time, little brown children will be rocked in their mothers' arms to the melody of "Now is the Hour" and those same little children will fall asleep half-way through the telling and retelling of the courage of Hinemoa.

The descendants of Tutanekai and the lovely maiden are to this day dwelling on the lake-island, and they still tell the tale of their ancestors. Still, too, they sing another song, chanting the words with pride:

Mine was the ancestress who
hither swam,
The beauteous Hinemoa.

(The End)

TOWARD A BETTER CHRISTIAN FUTURE

His Excellency, William Archbishop Duke's untiring efforts are at last bearing fruit.

There are at present two Indian boys who are preparing themselves to enter the Holy Order, at the seminary of Christ the King.

At the recently erected Novitiate of Mary, Immaculate at Anaham there are two novices and a Postulant preparing themselves to work among our people.

It is encouraging that we will have members of our people who know our customs and languages to attend to the spiritual and physical needs of the Indians and help us to be better Christians and preserve our heritage.

It is easy to realize the immense benefits that are derived from the church at Anaham, the Novitiate of Mary Immaculate, the medical clinic, and the school.

We are very thankful that the true Spirit of Christianity is still burning in these days of persecution and strife.

ELECT OFFICERS FOR BELLA BELLA BRANCH

The Bella Bella local branch of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. had their annual election of officers for the New Year 1949 on December 30th, 1948. Those elected were Mr. Dick Carpenter for President. Mr. Lawrence Reid for Vice President. Mr. Vivian Wilson for Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Peter Mason and Mr. Henry Mackay as committee members.

In the same gathering, election for the local village Councillors also took place and the following names were elected to office in the presence of Dr. G. E. Darby who conducted this election in the absence of the Indian Agent. Mr. Peter Mason, Chief Councillor, and councillors Willie Brown, Caleb Williams, Lawrence Reid, Basil Carpenter and George Housty. From this local, a continued success and ever increasing membership and a Happy New Year to those who have been elected to take office in the Native Brotherhood of B. C. for this New Year.

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Treaty Indians May Come Under Hospital Plan

VICTORIA—B.C. hospital commission and federal department of Indian affairs are conducting negotiations expected to lead to full hospital coverage for British Columbia's 25,000 to 30,000 Indians who live on reservations and are wards of the Dominion government.

This should mean a much better general health deal for the Indians and more satisfactory payment to hospitals for these patients.

A hospital commission spokesman said: "I think it is going to be to the advantage of the hospitals, because they have had unsatisfactory payments in the past."

There will be no segregation of Indians and other patients in the hospitals. They will have every advantage that other premium payers get. Their premiums will be paid to the B.C. hospital commission by the Department of Indian Affairs.

Care of Indians has been under severe criticism in recent years.

—Vanc. News-Herald.

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Ceremony of Blood-Brother

By "WHITE EAGLE"

The "Feast of the White Dog" held by the Ojibwa Indians in mid-summer each year, was my annual holiday, when I was in Manitoba and western Ontario. It started at sundown and lasted until sundown of the third day. A great get-together of the Chief's people, for sport, dancing, telling legends and visiting. Pale-faces who were friends were invited. When the dog-stew in a kettle, carried by two beautiful smiling maidens, was brought through the assembly of three thousand or more, you dipped in your wooden spoon and had a taste. This was to show that we honored the "Sun" and were willing to obey the laws of Manitou, the Living Spirit.

AS THE FEAST was finishing in 1896, the bearer of the pipe-of-peace, asked me to attend the Council of the Chief. I followed him into the great circle of Chiefs, Council-men, Medicine-men and Doctoresses, all dressed in their full regalia, and seated on the ground cross-legged, only Chief Yellow Quill was standing. When we stood in the centre of the circle, Chief Yellow Quill, said

"With careful consideration you have been chosen for a blood-brother of our tribe. You have been voted to so become by my people. You will give me your answer as the 'Sun sets at the fourth full-moon. You will be made a blood-brother at the next feast of The White Dog.'"

The Chief then gave the sign of peace, which I answered and withdrew from the Council. I was a surprised and dumbfounded person; I had been offered the highest title an Indian tribe will give a white man, and during the feast I had been given no inkling in any way that they were thinking of conferring it on me.

Writers confuse readers into thinking the ceremony of blood-brother is like being made a Chief or Honorary Chief, and they mix it up with ghost dances, races with death, and other things that come into a mind of imagination. No person other than an Indian has ever witnessed the Ceremony of Blood-brother, except the candidate. It was called paganism by religion and forbidden by pale-face law. There was nothing secret about it, I knew exactly what it was, for I had been told by the red man. It has not been practised for years. I was one of the last to receive it.

JUST BEFORE sunset, July 6th, 1897, my canoe touched shore on the beautiful Lake of the Woods, at the bailiwick of Chief Chin-ah-ka, where the feast was held that year, and was greeted by the Chief and his wife Evening Swallow, who were my dearest friends. He informed me that he and Evening Swallow, would represent the Ojibwa Indians at the ceremony, and introduced the sixteen age maidens, who had been chosen by the doctress, to be our attendants during the ceremony and throughout the feast. The encampment was in a large clearance; there were rows and rows of teepees, which had been set up by the visitors, these and the wigwams of the village were gaily trimmed for the occasion; camp fires were burning; on a tall pole half a mile distant, a large Union Jack was lazily fluttering in the breeze, and on shorter poles throughout the encampment were Canadian flags. A picturesque peaceful scene, that would soon break into gaiety.

Just as the "Sun" was sinking from view, the tom-toms in the distance, beat a wild tempo for fully five minutes, the "Feast of the White Dog" had commenced; everyone came out into the open air and were joyous. Suddenly the tom-toms ceased and all was silent, all remained standing silently for about five minutes, giving thanks

to the Living Spirit who was hovering over us. Then the Indian drums in the distance beat a low refrain, away to our right wonderful sweet voices were singing in the Ojibwa tongue, soon the song could be heard on our left being sung in English voices. Then the tom-toms beat a fairly quick march, and we commenced our walk straight towards the Union Jack, through an eight foot wide lane, our six attendants in their beautiful costumes in single file, followed by Evening Swallow, and behind her Chin-ah-ka and myself walking side by side. On either side were gaily dressed warriors, women, papooses and children, the latter being in front, so they could shower our beautiful maidens with wild flowers as we passed.

WHEN WE CAME to the council, I walked alone to the centre of the ring, the tom-toms ceased, among all this splendor of feathered head pieces, and fancy colored buckskin costumes, Chief Yellow Quill was standing, I gave him the sign of peace, and he said

"If the 'Sun' rises and shines tomorrow our friend will be our brother; he will be named by Evening Swallow when the 'Sun' sets again in the west."

He then gave me the sign of peace and adjourned the Council. Once more the tom-toms and drums took over; I had a splendid supper with my host and hostess and attendants, after which I danced with each, visited with old friends, sat by the fire and listened to legends being told by elderly people. Nearly every kind of musical instrument that could be carried was in the gathering to assist with the singing, but the drums never ceased to beat.

Just before daybreak, Chief Chin-ah-ka and myself met, before a big open fire, over which was hanging a kettle of boiling water, in which were sharp knives; we were now dressed only in shorts. The tom-toms and drums became silent, only hoots and answering hoots of owls from the surrounding forest could be heard, telling the encampment that no unwanted eyes were watching. Between us two and the fire were two doctoresses, on either side of us were our attendants. A wide lane had been cleared between us and the lake, so that there would be no obstruction of eight when the "Sun" rose. On either side was the silent assembly. Behind the fire from us were the Chiefs, Councilors, Doctoresses and Medicine-men, all dressed in their full regalia.

EACH DOCTRESS took a knife from the boiling kettle; made two cuts on my chest; two on my left arm above the elbow; two on my left leg above the knee. The same had been done with Chief Chin-ah-ka, only his right arm and leg. We were then pressed firmly together for about five minutes, so that the cuts of each in the form of an X, would touch each with the other and mingle the blood from our bodies. The attendants

then washed our wounds, in the water was some sweet scented liquid, which quickly stopped the bleeding. We were then seated side by side. . . . The test was near. . . . I braced my body and mind with determination not to flinch.

As the "Sun" was going to show, each doctress took a handful of the hair on our heads, combed the other hair carefully away from what they held. As the "Sun" started to show, they commenced lifting the hair they held, harder as the "Sun" kept showing, and, when it came in full view, quicker than a flash, I had lost my scalp, about the size of a fifty cent piece, as had also Chief Chin-ah-ka; each doctress quickly changed places one with the other, and Chin-ah-ka's scalp was on my head, mine was on his. They carefully adjusted the scalps into proper place on our heads, then the attendants carefully washed our heads with that sweet scented liquid, which quickly stopped the bleeding; our bodies were then washed from the blood that was all over us, and all our wounds were bandaged. . . . We had stood the test, we had not flinched. . . . The tom-toms and drums drowned out the hooting of the owls.

DURING THIS ceremony not a word had been spoken, in that great assembly, but the encampment was once more alive and taking on its gaiety. The medicine-man handed us each a glass of water which we drank, he then handed us each a glass of hot tea which we drank. What was in the water and tea I do not know. I was becoming very sleepy; I felt no pain; I just kept walking with Chief Chin-ah-ka towards his wigwam; would we ever make it? We did, and I faintly remember I was lying down so comfortable, and was being covered with blankets, and in the midst of the throb of tom-toms and drums, and a rejoicing crowd. We were sound asleep.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were awakened, and I was feeling fresh as a lark; enjoyed a fine supper of brook trout, venison, etc., with my host and hostess and our attendants, who enjoyed being waited on by other Indian maidens. I was now dressed in my Indian regalia, and Chief Chin-ah-ka and Evening Swallow left for the Council, leaving my attendants and me to wait for the signal. When it came by a march beat from a tom-tom, we commenced our journey through a gay crowd, my attendants forming a complete circle around me. When we entered the council circle, I noted that camp chairs had been provided for all therein.

SEATED AT the right of Chief Yellow Quill was my mother; Chief Chin-ah-ka; Pauline Johnson talented Indian poetess, and Robert Rogers, who was later Minister of Public Works in Manitoba, and later Minister of the Interior for Canada. Seated at the left of Chief Yellow Quill was his wife, Hum-

ming Bird; my father; Mrs. Jan Ashdown and her husband Jan Ashdown, who was later a mayor of Winnipeg. Seated in front of Chief Yellow Quill was Evening Swallow. The rest of the circle was Chiefs, etc., dressed in the full regalia, of course. In the centre of the circle I was seated with the bearer of the pipe-of-peace on my right, behind us were six attendants seated in a circle; the rest of the assembly hundreds of red men and a few whites were standing crowded around the Council Circle. The tom-tom ceased. Off to the right beautiful voices were singing "The Maple Leaf Forever" in the Ojibwa tongue, to our left they were singing it in English, then six attendants rose and sang "Save the Queen."

One after the other, each in turn the Council were called on by the Chief for a few words, and were heartily applauded, especially my mother; the crowd went wild about her and Pauline Johnson. . . . Just before the "Sun" was setting, Evening Swallow addressed us.

"Our blood-brother is from the paleface race, the first part of his name is for them. His Indian name is for the monarch of the air. The bird that takes nothing from earth except what it needs. That bird which is our symbol of Peace. The bird that will not tolerate aggression. That bird spreads its wings and soars to high and lonely places that it may be near the Living Spirit. May your life be long and happy, wherever you may be 'White Eagle'."

As she uttered my name, the "Sun" was resting on the horizon the gaiety of the gathering would go on for two more days and nights. A peaceful assembly of joy, where one seemed to feel the Living Spirit was near. I always wished it would go on and on forever.

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There Could Be Sasquatches

By ELOISE STREET

The question, "Is dey or is dey ain't?" in regard to these primitive monster-men said to range the Harrison Lake back country, has provided a set of fighting words between the pros and cons for many years.

A variety of stories are current about them, believed implicitly by the Indians of the region. They are giants, standing seven to nine feet tall, beetle browsed and straggled, cave men in the ancient sense of the word. They are mighty hunters, tracking game to the kill in the manner of any predatory beast. Rumor says they leave no foot of identity in the head reached by main force from the victim. Immense footprints have been found in soft woods.

They speak the Douglas Lake dialect and are not without kindness. One story tells of a Sasquatch saving an Indian hunter from the attack of a bear, another of a young native girl, kidnapped and carried to the home cave, only to be set free when her hairy captor saw her tears.

Harrison Lake Indians believe there were never very many Sasquatches and the few there were are now depleted almost to extinction. Chief Khalserten Sepass, late chief of Chilliwack, told of a human skeleton he saw there, whose thighbone, set upright on the ground, reached nearly to his shoulder. The Chief was not a small man. The Thompson Indians have stories of a giant people who visited the Upper Fraser in early times. White people tend to laugh the Sasquatch off as a mere hoax. New light may be shed on the subject by the story of the Karankawas.

This tribe, said to be the most primitive on the North American continent, held a long strip of territory between Galveston and Corpus Christi, Texas. They were hunters, deadly and fearless hunters, living precariously on sea food, pounded briar root, the fruit of prickly pear, and pecan nuts. They fought and ate sharks in order to acquire the qualities of these swift, murderous of the sea. They had knowledge of time and lived a level little better than the animals.

Their sixty-five mile strip of land

was fertile and with the arrival of the Spanish Cabeza de Vaca in 1528, the relentless spread of white settlement began to push against the Karankawa borders. In the course of this forced evacuation, the Karankawas were involved in many battles with the incoming pioneers.

Religious missions into Karankawa territory were fruitless and only set burning more fiercely the resentment of the natives against this unwanted interference. In 1688, the Karankawas took part in an expedition which wiped out the La Salle settlement at Old Fort St. Louis in Jackson County, Texas. Retaliation was inevitable and the next two hundred years saw almost continual fighting as the Indians were gradually driven off their land.

Perhaps the most colorful part of this retreat was the four-year period between 1816 and 1820 when the famous buccaneer, Jean Lafitte, gave them refuge on his pirate island off Galveston. From this headquarters of ill repute, the Lafitte smugglers fell upon passing Spanish ships to get rid of their booty at high prices, in undercover sales in New Orleans.

Lafitte's gesture of protection to the Karankawas was quite in keeping with his character. When the British offered him a large sum of money and a commission in the Royal Navy in return for help against American defense of the coast, Lafitte turned the papers over to the American authorities and bargained his help against a full pardon. This offer was accepted, and then, after having distinguished himself in the Battle of New Orleans, directing artillery action for the South, Lafitte turned his back on freedom and honor, and with a thousand followers, returned to his old headquarters and his freebooting life.

It was during this period, just before Lafitte suddenly picked a crew to man his favorite vessel "The Pride," and sailed away into the unknown, that the Karankawas found shelter under his protection. Difficulties arose, however, between the pirates and Karankawa women. A fierce battle took place. Great numbers of Indians were killed, and a dwindling group of survivors sought shelter in Mexico.

In 1848 the Karankawas were living in Oklahoma with the Creek Indians, a strong confederate of five major tribes and many subsidiary groups. The Creeks were constantly friendly to the English as they were hostile to the Spaniards. They had a class of nobles and kept slaves. Whether the Karankawas were forced to flee again is a mystery. The fact remains that all trace of them disappeared at this point. Did some of them move gradually north to hide at last, after a losing battle of four hundred years, in the mountain caves of lower British Columbia? Did some of them, retreating upward through the American and Canadian prairies, find a last refuge in the caves of Nahanni Valley?

Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing
In the kindest way.

WHO SAYS THERE AREN'T SASQUATCHES?

There is never smoke without a smouldering fire. Who is there to say there are no Sasquatches—the stories of these giant people are too consistent and too recurrent not to be true.

A number of times, even a great number of times, Indian eyes have seen the Sasquatch and Indian lips tell of them. A Sasquatch



SASQUATCH

woman, eight feet tall, was seen at Knights Inlet, but the women have been seen but seldom. Sasquatch men have appeared many times, only less often as the years go by.

They were seen at Hope, Douglas Lake, Ruby Creek, Sasquatch Flats, and within the last four years at Ruby Creek.

These prehistoric men have tremendous heads covered abundantly with hair, low brows and giant bodies.

When returning home one day with a brace of ducks, an Indian encountered a Sasquatch who spoke to him in the Douglas tongue. The Sasquatch seized the ducks but returned half the number to the hunter and offered him no harm.

In 1920, at a lonely spot at Hope Creek, a white woman came to a clearing and happened upon a man sitting with his hands cupped about

his face. She was terrified at his sub-normal appearance and gigantic proportions; he seemed a weird creature indeed.

Indians strongly believe in Sasquatches and tell historically of their fight to drive them into the back country. They have naturally receded further with the spread of civilization. Indian lips are reluctant to speak of these things—they may be laughed at, ridiculed. But carved wooden masks with beady eyes exist today of the Sasquatch likeness.

Mrs. Alex Peters of Katz writes:

"In October, 1941, a little boy was playing around outside and was startled by the barking of his dog. When he looked around he saw a funny creature coming towards the house. He ran in to tell his mother and when she looked out the window he was only fifty feet away. She describes him as having the form of a person, the face had the looks of a human being and he had dark brown hair all over his body, and he was very tall and broad.

"She grabbed her coat and called her children and ran out the front door and to the bush to hide.

"The creature came right to the woodshed and squeezed himself through the door. Later they saw his hair stuck on the side of the door. He ransacked the barrel of salt salmon, dug down to the bottom of the barrel, then left there to walk down the bank of the Fraser River. His tracks led to the edge of the river.

"While this woman was away from her house she heard the creature make a loud yell, same as a person would holler or yell, but it was much louder. His footprints measured 16 inches from heel to toe and 7 inches in width.

"This creature came back to the same house twice, but at different times in the night. The family which saw him lives one mile east of Ruby Creek.

"These hairy giants have been a story for the Indians way back, years and years ago. Not everyone has seen these wild men. Mrs. G. Chapman is the first one around here to see the Sasquatch in plain daylight; that is, in her generation.

"This is a true story. There have been a lot of white people come to this place just to see the footprints left by the Sasquatch. There have been white people from U.S.A. come to see Mrs. Chapman about the description of this wild man and took the picture of her home."

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DISGRACE ABOUNDING

The report of a special committee investigating health and living conditions among Indians in the James Bay area is, to say the least, shocking. The committee, which was headed by Dr. R. P. Vivian, a former Ontario Minister of Health and now with McGill University, provides an almost unbelievable description of the wretched state to which these people have fallen. Housing is worse than primitive, ordinary sanitation is almost unknown, and disease, the ally of ignorance, poverty and filth, is strongly entrenched. The committee recommended only as could be expected: that medical and dental services be improved, that steps be taken to educate the inhabitants in the nutritional values of food, and that the diets, where possible, be fortified with extra vitamins.

The soundness of these recommendations is not to be denied. But will they have any effect? The report on these people is not the first of its kind by any means. It is merely one of many that have come along over the years, actually the third produced in eighteen months.

In the summer of 1947, Dr. F. F. Tisdall of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, carried out in company with other medical men and under the auspices of UNRRA, a similar study. Dr. Tisdall's party concluded that the James Bay Indians suffered from almost every known type of vitamin-deficiency disease. The tuberculosis rate among the Northern bush Indians, Dr. Tisdall reported, was fifteen times greater than that among the Canadian population as a whole. Infant mortality was ten times the Canadian average. A short time later, in a report to the Canadian Red Cross, Magistrate E. R. Tucker of Cochrane revealed the same conditions.

It is surely significant that each report essentially asked the same thing: more attention from the responsible authorities at Ottawa. Indeed, if corrective effort by those in charge of Indian Affairs had amounted to one-tenth that spent in investigation, these conditions would not exist today. But while Federal Governments have expressed lofty sentiments about democracy, citizenship and the rights of man, they consistently have suffered a convenient affliction of eyesight in regard to conditions among 120,000 survivors of the original inhabitants of this country. We dare say that a good deal more has been done by Canada in relieving the suffering of the people of faraway lands than has been done for the Canadian Indian.

Last June the Parliamentary Committee on Indian Affairs brought down a lengthy report making specific recommendations concerning revision of that anachronistic and moribund piece of legislation known as the Indian Act. Principally this report dealt with the necessity of providing the Indian with the fundamental rights of citizenship. It also dealt with health and education. About the same time, Health Minister Martin announced a two-million-dollar appropriation for a new hospital at Moose Factory. And more funds were provided this year for Indian Affairs generally.

As a result, the proponents of a more enlightened official attitude toward the Indian took heart. This perhaps was justified. But there is no justification for complacency. No subject has suffered more from procrastination than the plight of the Canadian Indian; and no Federal Government has shown a genius for putting off like the one that has been in office at Ottawa for the past thirteen years.

There are two objectives: The immediate one is relief of the desperate physical plight of the Canadian Indian, particularly in the "bush" areas. The longer, but no less important one, is the implementation of the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee's report. Ottawa's responsibility in respect to these is no longer avoidable.

—From Globe & Mail, Toronto.

Take From No Man His Song

The one desire of the Indian is to retain his dignity and identity. He has won perhaps the greatest such fight after 20 years against the most devastating forces. He has won it through passive resistance, but he has won.

Today the criticism is often voiced, "Indians have no guts. That is not so, he had to have guts to fight and win the way he has done. He has never become enslaved. But now with so much thought and effort directed to a better deal for the Indian people of Canada, the fight necessitates different strategy. The same tactics can no longer be used.

Today Indians must sing their Song.

They must paint their pictures, tell their legends, speak the language, dance their dances. They must be allowed to express what is inside so that incentive will blossom and grow. For 20 years racial pride was sapped and this in turn sapped the basis for self expression.

This fact answers so many of the questions by white people is actually the answer to so much criticism.

What indeed would happen to the Scotsman if he were no longer to dance the Highland Fling, if he were deprived of the tartan. Should he feel beaten, what would the skirl of the bagpipes do for him? So much.

Someone has said, "A pain in the mind is a prelude to a discovery." If this is true, then the Indian can now discover. Hubert Evans writes, "Keep the best of the old and reach out for the best of the new." The cultural attainment of the Indian people on arrival of the white man was high, but the one factor he lacked was industrial technique. The industrial technique today has surpassed the regard for human values. Indians have not lost this regard. Does industrial progress without the regard for human values bring with it happiness? Indians, if not a ready, may yet discover.

The old Medicine Man often cured a hopeless case by working on a man's faith; they sang to him, they did all in their power to set his mind at rest! From this we can deduct that diet is only a part of the reason for inertia.

Indian art must be preserved mainly because it is valuable in building up racial pride and for the encouragement of self expression; anything else is secondary.

Indian life has its own permanent values, and like the Maori revival must come from within. But unlike the Maoris, conditions have existed for so long, which induce an inferiority complex. This inferiority complex, coupled with the rise in economic conditions has resulted often in a greater desire and consequent obtaining of liquor.

Hand in hand with all this is the recent movement to acquire Indian lands. The land has particular spiritual significance to the Indian as well as material value. A lesson from the Maori shows that it was the land that gave them something of unity and cohesion.

ON GUARD

Be on guard against the sale of more land. Much land already has been taken over and has never been paid for. Families who lived for generations in Stanley Park were ousted and have never received payment. Sales have but immediate gain, and you need your land, the development of which can assure you of far more. There could be an extensive study of different reserves to see for what the land is best suited—agriculture, logging, fur farming or specialized farming.

Also there is a great need for tractors and bulldozers, first of all to improve the reserves. Roads could be improved, playgrounds built, vegetable gardens encouraged, and secondly, to start the development of businesses. But do not sell!

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RESENTS SLUR

Editor, Native Voice:

Coming to Vancouver again from the Okanagan, as I have been doing at intervals since 1898, I naturally glance at the various papers published here and was surprised and disgusted to read an item in the News-Herald of Jan 10th under the heading of "Good Morning, Judge" column by Reginald Jessop.

Apparently an amateur photographer was haled into court for obstructing an officer, and one paragraph starts with capital letters. "I told him," testified the officer, "that he was too respectable a looking man to be associating with Indians in that cafe."

Now in my residence of nearly sixty years in this country as a big game guide, trapper, fur buyer, prospector and ex-game warden, I have been in contact with many hundreds of Indians and have found them to be friendly, respectable and clean, and the only vices they have learnt from the white men. They no longer kill the white men as their forefathers did, but drunken white men driving cars are constantly killing white men, women and children; but then they are respectable, so it is perfectly all right.

The other evening on Hastings St. near the Holden Bldg., where the office of the Native Brotherhood is located, I saw three white men and one woman rolling around on the wet sidewalk having quite a scrap. I watched for several minutes, but no bobby appeared. I guess the whites were respectable.

Many of the most respectable residents of this province have Indian blood in their veins, from the original head men in the employ of the H.B. Co., from the old-time cattle kings, and from the early miners and others. And what about the monument to an Indian poetess in Stanley Park? Personally I probably owe my own life to an Indian because one time in the mountains west of Revelstoke I had mountain fever. A family of Indians from Enderby found me and looked after me. The father sent his son out with me on a three days' trek to my home. This was fifty years ago and I think there was no need for such a slur as above to our Native Canadians by one who is not really a native Canadian but a guest; perhaps even an uninvited one.

HARRY BLURTON.
Stirling Hotel.

PEN PALS FOR AGGIE?

Alberni Industrial
Residential School,
Alberni, B.C.

Dear Friends:

I am dropping you friends some lines to tell you the latest news about our school.

I guess you all remember me. I wrote in before when I was in the Nanaimo Indian Hospital. It certainly is good to be back to school. We are all looking forward for our Christmas concert which we will be having on the 17th of Dec., but most of us are looking forward for Christmas. And after Christmas we'll be looking forward for our New Year's party. We senior girls and boys stay up till midnight on New Year's night.

We had snow here which wasn't very deep but we still had a lot

of fun. For the last few weeks the school children all had quite a few visitors. I guess there will be more visitors this month to see our concert.

We sure are hoping a lot of people come to see our concert. I wonder if anybody would be interested to write to me? I'm 14 years old. My birthday is on Feb. 25th. I have brown hair and brown eyes; 5 ft. 4; my hobbies are reading books and writing and softball. I'll be looking forward to hearing from any boy or girl. I guess that's all the news for now.

Sincerely, a friend,

AGGIE MACKAY.

SUPPORT FOR PATIENTS

MRS. CALEB WILLIAMS,
Bella Bella, B.C.

Dear Mrs. Williams:

I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the cheque for \$58 collected by the people of Bella Bella and sent through the office of the Native Voice. This money will be added to other donations we have received and will be used entirely for the benefit of our patients.

Although the disastrous fire of November 19 destroyed part of the Coqualeetza Hospital, changes and repairs are being made rapidly and we expect to be able to have over one hundred patients under treatment again by the end of January. The interest and sympathy, not only of the Indian people of B.C., but also many white people, in connection with our loss, has been both encouraging and heart warming. Fortunately, all our X-ray films and other records were saved intact, which means that our tuberculosis work with the Indians will not have any serious setback.

Will you express to the people of Bella Bella our since thanks for their thoughtful and most generous gift.

Yours very truly,
W. S. BARCLAY,
Medical Superintendent.

ONLY FREE PEOPLE

Editor, Native Voice:

The copies of your publication I find interesting and full of information that I value very much. I like particularly the idea of organizing into a Native Brotherhood; but why for the purpose of persuading the white governing element to accept you as equals of the white working slaves, when, as you are the only really free people on this continent?

You should be proud to be Indians and keen to guard and protect your right to live the life of an independent people.

Sincerely, A. LILLEVICK.
R.R. 4, Dundas, Ont.

IMPROVEMENTS ALL ROUND

Alert Bay, B.C.

Editor, the Native Voice:

Dear Friends:
Since coming home I have seen a great change since last here a number of years ago. We now have a lovely big day school, four class rooms and four teachers. Mrs. Scanlon is the principal, also teaches the senior class room. Miss Lucas 4th and 5th, Miss May 2nd and 3rd. Miss Grif primary classes.

I've also visited a happy group of children at St. Michael's Residential School, and was very fortunate in getting to know the children at the Preventorium as I am

cooking there for a while. Staff—Miss A. M. Grant, maron; Miss Muirhead, nurse and teacher; Miss Jessie Dawson of Kingcome, ward maid, and myself, cook.

I wish to thank the Parent-Teacher Association of Alert Bay for bags of fruit and candy for Christmas on behalf of the parents of the 11 native boys and girls at the Pre. And my season's greetings to all our readers.

Best of luck for the coming year.
KATHERINE GREEN

SPECIALLY ENJOYS SONGS

Ann Arbor, Mich., U.S.A.
Editor, Native Voice:

We find the magazine most interesting in every way. Of course we especially enjoyed The Songs of Uaimit. We find the whole magazine most informing, and are especially enjoying also the various native artists and their work you have consistently featured.

We wish the Native Voice continued success. It is a most necessary educational magazine.

Yours very sincerely,
MARION ANNING.

STUDIED IN NEW ZEALAND

Box 142,
Cardston, Alberta.

Dear Editor:

My husband and myself have arrived in Canada and are now visiting my people here at Cardston.

I am one of the two Indian girls who studied in New Zealand for two and a half years at the Obstetrical Nursing School in Wellington. I am now a fully qualified mid-wife. Prior to my departure from New Zealand I held a very high position as supervisor in one of Wellington's largest hospitals. My husband is very interested in the welfare of the Indians and we would like to help all we can and would like to work among our people as welfare workers or do such work which would improve the status of the Indians. We would like to put the valuable experience we have gained in other countries to good use here in Canada.

Yours truly,
MRS. E. M. HENDRA
(nee Gladstone).

NO TOYS, BUT LOTS OF SWEETS FOR CHILDREN

PEMBERTON.—Owing to the floods of last year, the parents of this Reserve were unable to get any toys for their children. However, they had plenty of sweets, as our local merchant, Mr. A. W. Spetch did not forget any child. He sent about \$50.00 worth of candy, etc., cigarettes for the men and cigars for the Chief and Councillors. We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Spetch at this time for not forgetting the needy.

A triple wedding took place in the Church of the Sacred Heart on December 27th. Noreen Louie, only daughter of the late Mr. Chas Louie, and Mrs. Louie, became the bride of Stanley Pascal, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Pascal of this Reserve.

Mary Alice, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Phillip, became the bride of Ernie Pascal, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Pascal's second son. These boys are the grand children of the late Chief Pascal, who passed away in the fall of 1935.

Charlotte, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, became the bride of Richard Paul.

The Rev. Father Patterson officiated at the ceremony.

We had extra cold weather during the Christmas holidays. The mercury was down around 12 below for nearly two weeks.

We wish all our members everywhere a Happy New Year!
—WILLIAM PASCAL.

National Fisheries

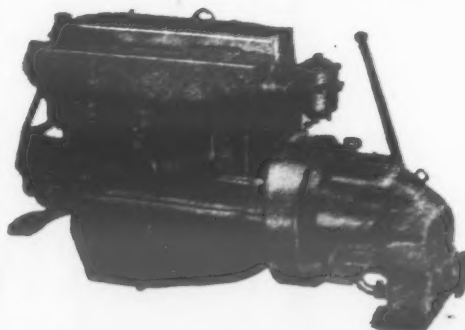
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THE SAUGEEN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ... Memorial to What?

By BIG WHITE OWL

Mr. Ellis Millard, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the above mentioned hospital, surely must be hanging his head in utter shame after committing such a blundering, intolerant, discriminatory, and exceedingly shameful act against a Native Canadian. Recently he refused to sanction the admittance of a badly injured Ojibway Indian woman into his hospital. The Indian Department at Ottawa, Ontario, is at fault also for causing the Indians of Canada to be placed in a segregated class by allowing only \$3.00 per day for their hospitalization.

Hon. Paul Martin, Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada: Your attention is respectfully directed to the following native grievance, re: Mrs. Marie Johnston, Cape Croker Indian Reserve. The interview follows: "I had an accident in my home at Cape Croker Indian Reserve on the 11th day of November, 1948; I was taken over to Owen Sound Marine and General Hospital on November 15th for X-ray treatment. There being no vacancy there, Dr. F. M. Williamson who treats all the Indians of Cape Croker Reserve wired over to Southampton where there was plenty of room for new patients, but just because I am an Indian woman I was refused admission.

"Now the board of directors of this hospital claim the rates of the hospital are fixed at \$4.50 per day while the Indian Department pays only \$3.00 per day. The explanation they offer is that they cannot afford the loss of \$1.50 per day to treat and hospitalize an Indian. The Saugeen Memorial Hospital—Memorial to What? It cannot be a memorial to all the brave Indian boys who paid the supreme sacrifice for CANADA. . . . This is our country but the only time I ever hear anyone say it's 'our country' is when there is a war to be won. The Indians have the reputation of making the best Infantry Soldiers.

"I am positive there are plenty of white people who have no money and are admitted, and will continue to be admitted, in the Southampton Hospital, who never in the whole wide world would ever be able to pay their way. They are taken in on charity, because they are human beings. We, Indians, are human beings too, I hope? But you would never think so—we are treated like so many dogs. Indian women especially are looked down upon as sinful and wayward creatures. We cannot walk down a street without some fool white man making a whistle or passing a filthy remark. Yet these hoodlums consider themselves as respectable white men. Bah! They don't know the meaning of respect and justice.

"Now just a word about Mr. Ellis Millard, the headman of the board of directors for the hospital. If that man has a conscience at all—he'll blush with shame every time he meets up with an Indian, and he'll never be able to talk to one and look him in the eye without feeling very small and terribly foolish!"

Mrs. Marie Johnston continued: "One hundred and eighty-seven men out of a total population of six hundred and eighty-five, served in the Armed Forces in World War No. 2, and six young Indian girls also were in the Services. Twenty-five of our Indian men were wounded and six paid the supreme

sacrifice while fighting to defend CANADA and preserve democracy."

When I asked Mrs. Johnston how the aged people fared on Cape Croker Indian Reserve, she replied: "The aged Indians do not receive the Old Age Pension in the same sense as the white people do. They do, however, receive a destitute allowance amounting to \$8.00 per month, and some of the aged Indians on our reserve are provided with fuel wood but this is paid from the band funds. All Indians on reaching their seventieth birthday are eligible for this \$8.00 allowance. This meagre allowance is supposed to last them for one month, but, with the high cost of living continually mounting into the higher brackets it certainly does not carry them over that period of time."

Mrs. Marie Johnston closed the interview with this statement: "I can see no good reason why aged and destitute Indians should not receive the same Old Age Allowance as that granted to aged and destitute white people!"

Plea For Chippewa Indians

About 18 years ago, on the advice of Mr. Graham, who was at that time Indian Agent at Regina, Chief Sunchild and the members of his Cree band from Battleford, came to the Rocky Mountain House district in search of suitable land for a reservation and home.

They established themselves on both sides of the Baptiste River, where many of the Chippewas had for years made their home. Since that time the Chippewas have been scattered all through the foothills area, between Rocky Mountain House and the Athabasca. It would appear that their old hunting and trapping grounds have been (during recent years), possessed by white men and Cree Indians, until the non-treaty Chippewa Indians now find that there is no place on which they are allowed to build homes, without they come in treaty which they refuse to do.

They contend that they never relinquished their rights to this land, which they claim is their God-given heritage. That they will not sign treaty and that they wish their old hunting and trapping rights be respected, and that they be allowed to carry on their natural avocation of making a living in that area on which they made their homes years ago where they were born and raised and is also, where their parents were born and raised, and their parents before them.

There is something wrong, very much wrong, in the manner in which these Chippewa Indians have been persecuted. God never meant that we should rob our red brothers of all which they hold

THE NEW CITIZEN APPEARS

Welcome to THE NEW CITIZEN the sparkling little 8-page paper edited and managed by our friend Roy Mah. The New Citizen's first edition came out in December and is written in English for Canadian Chinese; the name suggesting the new status.

Good Luck to our friends in their efforts to create better understanding through this new and powerful channel.

dear, and then drive them over the brink of the precipice of despair.

How are they to exist, if there is no place left for them on which they can build their homes and earn out an existence? They absolutely refuse to accept treaty. I have an idea that many of us white men would feel just as they do if we were in their band.

We will never through unkind measures get these non-treaty Chippewa Indians to come in treaty. Let us try treating them as we would wish to be treated if we were in their place.

May I stress the fact that it is absolutely necessary that some action be taken at a very early date. It is impossible for you to imagine the plight these Chippewa Indians are in, without actually seeing them for yourselves.

I am not going to blame the Federal or the Provincial Government for the existing state of affairs, but I do emphatically state that it is the duty of every clean thinking and fair minded human being to try to prevent such a condition from existing.

HENRY STELFOX,
Representative for Indian
on Game Advisory Council.

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"The People of the Sunrise"

By PHOEBE E. MacKELLAR

Boys and girls of the West Coast, and grown-ups too, I thought you might like to hear about a group of people, now called the Micmacs, who live on the East Coast. This name is probably as familiar to you as Iroquois or Ojibway, or a number of other eastern nations. But do you really know anything about them, I wonder?

This tribe of North American Indians is of the Algonkian stock and is called themselves Abanaki, which means the people of the sunrise. They still live in their old hunting grounds of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Northern New Brunswick and the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec. (Perhaps you would better take a look at your school atlas.) When I say their old hunting grounds, of course I don't mean that they are free to hunt and fish out of season. In Nova Scotia some of them stay on the two large reservations which are kept for their protection, but many still live in settlements such as Bear River in the Annapolis Valley, which are not actually government reserves.

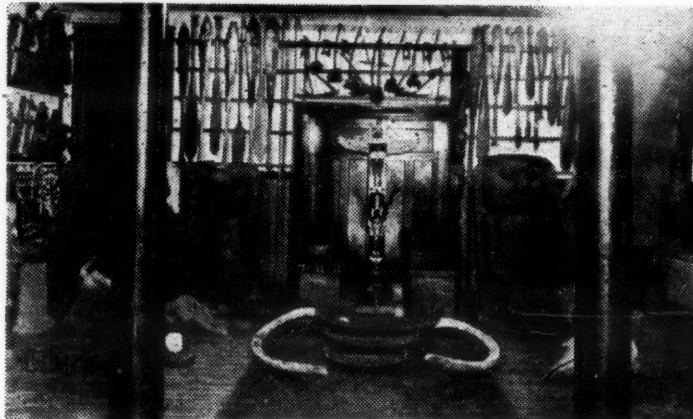
The Micmacs are important in the history of Canada. They were the first natives to meet the light-skinned people of Europe. There is evidence that they were in contact with the Norsemen who landed on the coast of Nova Scotia over a thousand years ago, and with the European fishermen who fished off the Grand Banks near Newfoundland for many years before this country was settled by strangers. It was a group of Abanaki who watched in silence as Jacques Cartier and his men planted a thirty-foot cross on Gaspé, and knelt in adoration. The white man's "totem" perhaps they thought? — though these aborigines knew nothing of symbols or images we are told. Cartier, you will remember, took the "braves" back to France with him, so probably these were the first of your people to visit Europe.

Some eighty years later, in 1604 to be exact, a French expedition sailed up the Bay of Fundy and into the Annapolis Basin. They were given a warm welcome by Membertou, an old Sagamos or chief, who, to their amazement, could speak a little of their language. He is said to have been over a hundred years old and claimed to have met Cartier.

THE HISTORIAN Marc Lescarbot, who spent a year in this settlement which was called Port Royal, is high in his praises of these delightful people. He describes them as "truly of noble and generous heart, having no private property but all things in common." The early French explorers and missionaries said that these people had no religion, no God of any kind. But in the middle of the last century a missionary by the name of S. T. Rand was able to gain their confidence. By doing so he has saved for posterity a wealth of folk-lore and tradition, in fact, an oral literature that might easily have been lost forever.

Rand found the Micmacs living in a rustic state. Their houses were still conical wigwams of poles covered with birch-bark. To keep themselves cosy in winter they lined and covered them with spruce boughs. They kept to their old traditions and rules of politeness which we call "etiquette." For instance, the mother's place was by the door, and the father's opposite it. The wife must always sit "below" the husband. The children like other boys and girls of that time, were brought up very strictly. Rand says "the rod is applied un-

COLLECTION NOW AT U.B.C.



This picture shows a small portion of the Raley Collection when it was on display for many years at the Coqualeetza Residential School, of which Dr. G. H. Raley was Principal.

sparingly to tame their rebellious spirits and teach them good manners." Oddly enough, the early historians state the contrary, telling us that the children are never scolded but allowed to do as they pleased. In two hundred years and even in less time methods of child-upbringing change. Which method do your parents use, I wonder?

When Rand started working for these Indians in 1846 he found that the whiteman's interest in them was, as he puts it, to "preserve their barbarism." Forty years later, he says, "Thank God all this has been changed, they are now treated not only like human beings but like citizens." The Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces should indeed be grateful to this fine scholar who helped to make them into respected members of society, and preserved their wonderful legends, as Pauline Johnson has done and Marius Barbeau is doing for you of the West Coast.

The Micmacs were a happy care-free race when the French discovered them and they appear so

still. I met several delightful people from the Shubenacadie Reservation, in the Halifax market the other day. Some were selling rabbits they had killed, and others beautifully made maple-wood chip baskets in gay colors. These people used to be noted for their quill-work too. A mother and son proved most friendly. They proudly told me that their Reservation is the oldest in Canada. The Government has put up a number of new houses and there is a fine school. A number of students attend high school off the reserve. They keep up their ancient language at home but of course are taught English in school. When they work they earn good wages like anyone else. They seemed pleased with what the Government at Ottawa is doing for them.

The other Nova Scotian reservation is near Sydney, Cape Breton. On an island near there an "Indian mission" or "retreat" is held every summer. Natives come from miles around and camp in the old style wigwams. They give their time and their talent to decorating the church, and helping in every way to make the festival a success.

I hope this has given you some idea of your countrymen on the East Coast of our great Dominion. Some day I should like to tell you about their arts and the beautiful designs they used for decorating their clothing in the old days. Perhaps too, you would like to have some of the stories about their wonderful man-god Gloosecap. It would be fun to compare them with your own legends wouldn't it?

Boys!!

Girls!!



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BROTHERHOOD AND SISTERHOOD NEWS

Invitation to Game Warden And Indian Agent in Hazelton

One of the largest meetings held by the visiting members of the Native Brotherhood was held in the community hall at Hazelton. In this mass meeting were chiefs from all surrounding reserves and villages. Some had travelled many miles that they might take home all the latest findings.

Also attending by invitation were Indian Agent Boys of the Hazelton Agency and Mr. Les Cox, game warden for that district.

Harold Sinclair from Kitwanga first addressed the meeting regarding the timely question of trapping, since the trapping season was less than two weeks away and many were now preparing to leave for their lines. He emphasized the fact that trapping was a banking system used by the Native people and much depended on the success of these operations. He then called on Game Warden Cox for full explanation regarding registration, license and tags for furs.

Mr. Cox explained that it is not compulsory for Natives to take out trapping license, but the Game Department required the fur buyers to buy from licensed trappers only. One could see that the lack of a license put a trapper in a difficult position.

Many white people own traplines and many of these lines are separated only by a small distance. Present maps are not up-to-date, making actual borders difficult to define. Maps held by the Indian Agent do not conform with the hereditary areas claimed by individual families—and until this is remedied, everyone would have to carry on the best he can.

The hereditary system could be made more co-operative by an adjustment immediately an owner dies. Adjustments would not be fall into the wrong hands.

It often happens many traplines are unclaimed and unused, leaving the trapline open, and many enquiries are made by white people. The result often is if these lines are not claimed or registered, the game department automatically must adhere to their wishes. In this way the line is lost to the original Native family.

The question of beavers and the reason for the tagging of such was made necessary because beavers are on the wane and must be afforded extra protection. Every trapper must tag the beaver himself after applying to the game warden for same. He must report how many beaver he intends to trap and it may be necessary for the warden to check the colonies and judge if the amount mentioned would be warrantable.

All tags used must be returned to the game warden. The question of trapping forty beaver from one trapline must be reported immediately so that colonies can be checked. The tags are now available and also the permit with no extra cost. Some of the trap lines are not cleared and it would be advisable for all concerned to meet and arrange for future operations. Mr. Cox then mentioned that he made all explanations as clear as possible and would welcome any questions.

Question—Does the license protect the owner of trapline against trespassers?

Answer—The license does pro-

tect the trapper from anyone shooting or trapping on that line but does not stop anyone from walking over it. And should any trespasser happen to shoot a fur animal, then he must be reported immediately.

Question—Is license to protect fur-bearing animals, as people understand the license is to protect trapper. We are not opposed to trapping regulations and are willing to co-operate. The old timers did not have to pay license and now wonder why they should at this time. When the trapper paid his license, what of the timber men who decide to cut timber on that line and frighten all animals away? what then?

Answer—"I cannot answer that question as it is up to the Timber Commissioner. We can only stop loggers from trapping on your traplines. Since I am the Game Warden I cannot stop the logger from cutting timber and logging but I will certainly stop him from taking or killing fur bearing animals. However, this is entirely up to you trappers to report immediately and assist me in contacting anyone breaking these laws. I have too much territory to cover and often this requires the use of snow shoes and this hampers fast travel. However, if I am called to a certain area I would gladly do so and also if I can assist in any way, shape or form, I will also be prepared.

Speakers for the trap line were as follows: Harold Sinclair for Kitwanga, Silas Johnston for Kispiox, William Wales for Hazelton and Harold Sinclair for Skeena Crossing.

The way the tribal Clan was outlined by Chief Silas Johnston of Kispiox and the laws of the Totem were peaceful and the new laws are causing confusion among the people. In explaining the above Chief Johnston wanted to be clear that he did not oppose the present system. He stated that he wanted to look after their interest. The question of an airplane being used was again brought up and explained, and the havoc that was the result.

Harold Sinclair congratulated Indian Agent Mr. Boys and Game Warden Cox for attending and interesting themselves in the welfare of the Native People; and also helping clarify the many matters involved.

Mr. Boys congratulated the meeting on the stand taken in requesting the clarification of the many problems, especially the trapping. He hopes that this would be the beginning of better understanding between Game Warden and Native trappers. Mentions that the old traditional laws could be modified and put into working order, but stressed the fact that these conditions in regards to open trap lines could not go on forever. It would be impossible to keep trap lines open when there were so many applications for same. Timber Commission are in a position to survey and in the odd case log

certain areas; this was impossible to stop. However, the interest of the Native trappers would be taken care of.

Mr. Cox again mentioned his great interest in the Native people as well the Indian Agent especially the traplines and informed the people that now was the time to act and time was short for further registrations.

The Chiefs present were unanimously in favor of the report of the game commissioner and offered full support to his suggestions and that the meeting go on record to take up the question of new traplines immediately in an attempt to clarify unoccupied areas.

Our humble apology to Mr. Les Cox, game warden, for the brunt often taken by him in many speeches by Natives, in asking him what he is going to do about the social security tax and various other government matters. Warden Cox always reminded them that he was the Game Warden.

Mr. Ed. Nahaney,
Native Brotherhood of B.C.,
Vancouver, B.C.
Dear Mr. Nahaney:

Thanks for your letter of the 12th, in regard to deducting fees from the Native Workers at Empire. This has been taken up with the bookkeeper at the Empire Cannery.

We are very pleased indeed with your kind remarks in regard to the new houses and equipment at Empire and also appreciate your requesting the workers to take care of the buildings. If we find that the buildings are appreciated and the equipment looked after, no doubt the Directors of this company would be interested in endeavouring to modernize and improve Native accommodation at other plants.

Yours very truly,
J. H. TODD & SONS LTD.
L. B. BING,
Managing Director.

The above letter proves without a doubt that co-operation between worker and operator is essential and it is gratifying to see the Native worker is fast taking advantage of this opportunity. Only minor damage was done at this plant when one of our burly fishermen tried out the donnacona wall boards with his fist and found out it cost a bit of money. Trying his fist at the weather would have proved more economical. However we hope that these people who have been in the habit of performing these damaging tactics will find that damaging others' property does not pay.

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Taxation, Trapping License Discussed

A meeting took place in community hall at Hazelton, October 18th.

Wallace Morgan of Kitwanga presided as chairman. Mr. Morgan opened the meeting with song of the Native Brotherhood "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Chief Arthur McDames presided over the meeting with a prayer.

Chief George Moore brought forward the question of taxation and wished clarification on the subject. He mentioned the wards of the Government, how it that Indian people are placed on a par with others in the matter of taxation and war?

A suggestion made by Harold Sinclair of Kitwanga that an invitation be sent to Indian Agent Mr. Boys, and Mr. Cox of Game Department, to attend next meeting in order that clearer picture of the trapping regulations and forestry laws be secured; also an explanation tagged furs.

The discussion of taxation continued. The Social tax imposed on Indians resulted in benefits and was therefore blameworthy. The Brotherhood executives assured the members the question would be taken in the near future.

Chief Solomon Bryan then asked an explanation regarding the line license fee of \$2.00. The Game Authorities had assured him his license meant that no one would be allowed to trespass his line and he could expect protection as long as he held necessary tag. He gladly paid fee of \$2.00.

But he came upon an intrusion trespassing on his trapline, camping and blazing a trail. On inquiry he was told that it was Forestry Department who planned to log this particular section. protest he showed his trapline license, but his license was strong enough to stop the trespasser. Where had the error been made?

This was all to be cleared up the meeting with Game Warden and Indian Agent.

Thus a colorful meeting ended. The speakers were congratulated for voicing their grievances in diplomatic style.

ED. NAHANEY

MYSTERIOUS TRIBE DISCOVERED

Near Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia an unknown tribe has been discovered. They are described as "well-fed and prosperous, living in bark huts built on stilts. The natives of the area had a startled appearance."

"The tribe appeared to be more industrious than their neighbors."

Little more can be known about the tribe as the native department has decided to leave them alone. In the past any interference with uncivilized aborigines has been fatal to the tribe.

NEWS FROM ALBERTA

Respect and Affection For Pres. Callihoo, 25-Year Service

John Laurie Recovering

The membership of the I.A.A. would like to take this opportunity of extending its best wishes for the coming year to president, Mr. Johnny Callihoo, Michel's Band, Villeneuve. President Callihoo has served the Indians of Alberta for 25 years. Since the reorganization and extension of the I.A.A. in 1944, Mr. Callihoo has been elected annually by acclamation. His rewards have been few in tangible things, but has gained undying respect and affection among Treaty Indians and whites as well.

President Johnny Callihoo writes that Michel's Band is considering a proposal to surrender a portion of that reserve. In the old days agreements were just placed before the chiefs who simply agreed like good "yes" men. Now, says the Indian people, especially I.A.A. members, are waking up and examining such proposals very carefully with an eye to future needs before they agree.

Locals organized for the coming year are Samsons, Driftpile and Sarcee, recently reporting good membership gains. The officers are as follows:

Samsons Local—President, Jacob Lewis; Secretary John S. Samson; Director, Chief James Crane.

This is a good executive, and if things don't move it will not be their fault.

Driftpile Local—President, Olli Chalifoux (re-elected); Secretary, J. B. Giroux (re-elected); Director, Henry Bellerose.

Both President Chalifoux and Secretary Giroux are experienced in this work and have been interested in the I.A.A. for some years.

Mr. Giroux has also served on the Provincial Council of the I.A.A. and Mr. Bellerose is an interested and active young man. We look for good work from them this year.

Sarcee Local—President, Chief David Crowchild; Secretary, Dick Big Plume.

Chief Crowchild is well known to I.A.A. members and to the public as well for he has been prominent in I.A.A. work and in sports in the Calgary area for a long time.

Mrs. David Crowchild of Sarcee Reserve sent a pair of beautifully beaded baby moccasins to Prince Charles of Edinburgh and recently received a letter of appreciation from Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth. The letter reads:

Buckingham Palace,
November 26, 1948.

Dear Madam:

Princess Elizabeth has received, with great pleasure, the gift of baby's slippers which you were good enough to send Her Royal Highness, and the Princess has asked me to thank you warmly for your kind thoughts and for the

Squamish Indians Rule "No Sale"

A bid of \$68,000 for the 62 acre Number 5 Reserve has been rejected by the Squamish tribe. The Council met to consider the offer by the Royal Trust Company for this valuable property, but decided that \$1100.00 per acre did not warrant selling. Offers have also been made outbidding that of the Royal Trust Company, but the Indians have realized that it will be more beneficial to develop this land themselves.

Apparently the day is passing when large companies can persuade the Indians to part with their lands.

In the words of the secretary of the Squamish tribe, Tim Moody: "Our people have been pushed around enough, and they are determined not to sell any more of their property".

The Squamish Indians would like to see improvements on their real estate south of Marine Drive. As yet no plans have been made, though the Indians want to construct a large modern shopping centre. Wealth and prestige would be brought to the tribe if this project could be financed and carried out.

—DOUG. J. WILKINSON

good wishes which accompanied your present.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Jean Elphinstone,
Lady-in-Waiting.

Secretary John Laurie has recovered sufficiently from his recent heart attack to leave hospital. Although he is not up to his usual health yet, he is well on the way to recovery. He is convalescing under the watchful eye of Chief Crowchild.

Gerald and Allan Fethers of Edmonton spent Christmas in Calgary. Gerald is planning to continue his art studies in the East before long.

The Stonies report that squirrel pelts have reached a new low and that the income of many families on the reserve will be seriously depleted this season.

JOHN LAURIE

SPECIAL NOTICE

We were pleased indeed to receive "volumes" of ALASKA NEWS for this issue, but regret we are unable to publish the entire material sent in this issue for lack of space. In the next edition will be found news of their interesting convention.

Following is the list of names of the delegates:

Angeon, Alaska — ANB: Sam Jackson, Albert Frank, Patrick Paul; ANS: Mary Willis, Emma Hamburg.

Craig, Alaska—ANB: David Edens, George James; ANS: Mrs. George James.

Douglas, Alaska — ANB: Sandy Stevens, Jimmy Fox, Charlie Morris, Thomas Bowman, alt.; ANS: Sara Bowman, Florence Morris, Bertha Stevens.

Hoonah, Alaska — ANB: George Cartee, Harry Douglas, Frank See, Frank O. Williams, alt.; ANS: Nancy St. Clair, Hilda Schoonover, Jenny Charles.

Hydaburg, Alaska — ANB: Sam Douglas Jr., Harris Natkong Sr., Norman Charles; ANS: Gladys Morrison, Gladys Peele.

Juneau, Alaska — ANB: Jack Gamble, Henry Anderson, John Wise; ANS: Marjorie Cropley, Eliz. Peratrovich, Bessie Visaya.

Kake, Alaska — ANB: Charles Johnson, Carl Williams, Chester James, Frank Johnson, alt.; ANS: Irene Young, Mrs. Willis Jackson, Mrs. Annie Johnson, Mrs. Frank Johnson, alt.

Klawock, Alaska—ANB: Robert Peratrovich, Jr., Paul Cooke, James Johnson; ANS: Matilda Lewis, Mrs. James Johnson.

Klukwan, Alaska—ANB: Victor Hotch, Lee Donnelly, Cyrus Peck, William Sparks, alt.; ANS: Mildred Sparks.

Ketchikan, Alaska—ANB: Fred Wallace; ANS: Phyllis Gunyah, Agnes Perez, Josephine Peele.

Petersburg, Alaska—ANS: Margaret Williams, Margot Guthrie.

Sitka, Alaska — ANB: Andrew Johnson, David Howard Sr., Albert Davis; ANS: Dora Nielsen, Julia Widmark, Elizabeth Basco, Mrs. Andrew Johnson, alt.

Saxman, Alaska — ANB: James Starrish, John T. Jackson, Wm. Kushnick, Phillip Major, alt.; ANS: Ida Starrish, Margaret Major, Mary Denny, Lillian Denny, alt.

Wrangell, Alaska—ANB: Herbert Bradley, William Willard, James Bradley, John Joseph, alt.; ANS: Martha Bradley, Louise Bradley, Ray Patterson.

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Indian Treasures

(Continued from Page 1)

right here in British Columbia along the Fraser and around Lillooet? Don't rush out expecting to gather up a fortune, however. Only the Indians were smart enough to find it, and with the most amazing patience carved out of it wonderful wedges and similar tools, using nothing but a handful of sand and a piece of hide to cut this intensely hard substance.

There are baskets that look like fine lace, made by the Attus, that wonderful people of whom it is said that not one was left alive after the invasion by the blood-thirsty Japanese in the early part of the war.

Smallest baskets of all came from the Poma tribe, California. They are made of sissal root and decorated with bird feathers, and are so tiny that the smallest, though perfectly constructed, is not much larger than a good-sized pin head.

One of the most valuable things in the museum is a choice example of a Chilcat chief's blanket, in traditional color and design, woven of mountain goat's hair. Very imposing he must have looked in this gorgeous regalia, with which he probably wore a headdress of cedar with his crest carved on the front of it. Rows of ermine skins

fastened to this fell regally to his very knees. There were the small crown-shaped receptacles at the top surrounded by tall bristles of the sea lion. This was filled with down from the swan or eagle.

As the chief danced in and out among his guests he bowed gracefully before each, causing the down to fall upon them as a token of peace and respect. This beautiful custom was common to most of the coast tribes, and it is said that Indians of this district greeted Captain Vancouver in like manner when he first appeared among them.

Talking about chiefs—they were really important people in the old days. No one but the chief himself might use the elaborately carved chief's dish shown in the collection. The chief's crest in the form of a large raven head ornaments the bowl and it is colored with natural dyes.

No common person was allowed to use it for any purpose whatever.

It was just as exclusive as the gold plate in Buckingham Palace and meant about the same to the chief.

There is a case of fine Eskimo work with model kyaks, native basketry, and exquisite ivory carvings for which these people are justly famous.

An old store carving from the Marpole midden is among the choice pieces. It was found in this ancient campsite under a large cedar stump at a depth of eight feet, and is estimated to be at least 1200 years old.

Very intriguing is an original, very old, chief's copper. They were made of native metal with symbolic designs, and sometimes passed from tribe to tribe in barter especially to Indians farther south.

They were highly prized in the early days as a token of great wealth and prestige. Often at a potlatch to show his utter contempt for possessions, a chief would perform a ceremonial rite to break the copper. One who was

rich enough to indulge in such wanton destruction was considered at the very top of the social ladder.

There is evidence that this old copper has been so broken, and later carefully mended.

In the collection are tom-toms made of stout hide, Indian snowshoes from Quebec, fine peace pipes and beadwork from the plains, dazzling Navajo blankets, food boxes, dance rattles, potlatch sticks and many other things too numerous to mention.

Every object in the museum has been personally arranged by Mrs. Lipsett in such a manner as to facilitate a careful study of the work of various tribes. Recently Mr. A. E. Pickford of the Provincial Museum spent two months labelling the exhibit to make each piece self-explanatory.

The museum is open only on Sundays and holidays from 2-5. It is felt by Mrs. Lipsett that there would be much advantage in having the museum made available to visitors more frequently.

There is no admission fee.

—From Van. Sun.

MRS. WEAVER THANKS CAPTAINS FOR DONATIONS

Mrs. Ken Weaver wishes to voice her thanks to the thoughtful Captains who so generously donated to the fund presented to her and the children after the death of her husband.

The late Ken Weaver was Fisheries Inspector and through an airplane accident last October was instantly killed.

The Native Captains of all seine boats each contributed \$60 toward the fund to show their great respect and regard for Mr. Weaver.

In her own words, Mrs. Weaver says: "I would like to let you know how very kind, thoughtful and generous I think it was of you, and what a great help it is going to be to me and the children."

CKNW NOW 1320 ON DIAL
With the New Year Green in the air—something new has been added and as 1949 gets under Radio Station CKNW, New Westminster will be broadcasting new wavelength—now 1320 cycles.

The move to this new spot on the dial, 1320, follows a recent announcement when the station granted increased power at watts daytime and 500 watts night.

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